Sandstone and Tile

Annual Feature Edition of the Stanford Historical Society Newsletter **Volume 7, No. 2/Winter 1983**

The editor wishes to thank Mrs. John Ceidburg (Helen Louise "Holly" Hansen, '40) for her indispensable help in the production of this article. She provided pictures from her personal collection of McDonaldiana, and a variety of anecdotes about Sam, otherwise unavailable. At Stanford she was an A O Pi, a member of Pan Hellenic Council, Phi Beta Kappa and Theta Sigma Phi, honorary journalism society.

The Hansen family interest in Stanford was stimulated by her father's acquaintance with Almon E. Roth in Rotary Club activities. The former was a Michigan lumberman who made an annual trip west to buy redwood. Holly was followed at Stanford by two brothers, Arthur B., '42, and Hal J., '57. Her husband is a Kansas University grad who is an engineering management consultant. They live in Aptos.

After graduation, Holly was secretary to Ruth Atwood, superintendent of the Stanford Convalescent Home, and was a onetime assistant in the Registrar's Office. She later became an assistant editor at Sunset Books, and is now working on a history of Michigan iron mining areas for the state's 1984 centennial.

One of her many McDonald anecdotes runs this way: "On one occasion, his La Honda neighbors brought him a petition against a man who was raising pigs too close to the village. Instead of signing, Sam solved the problem by buying the man's holdings — land, houses, pigs and all, and making the necessary changes himself!"

Did Sam play down his Negro heritage? No one really knows, but Mrs. Ceideburg offers some contrasts: He ran off some rowdies who came to visit him, as who wouldn't? Yet he was greatly pleased with the Indian symbol for Stanford teams, as they were named in those days. Most of his working life Sam had been associated with and interested in Scandinavian people and lore, and he was intrigued to learn of Danish-speaking Negroes in the West Indies.

Mrs. Ceideburg has turned over her voluminous collection of material on Sam to the Stanford University Archives, "and where there were duplicates, to the (San Mateo County) park."

Mel Nelson, retired superintendent of facilities and grounds of the Athletic Department, also turned over many of his personal photographs of Sam to the park.

The staffers there were delighted to learn, for the first time, the history of the man who donated the park.

COVER: A banner day for Sam, when Stanford President Ray Lyman Wilbur dedicated Sam McDonald Road near Angell Field. Now a mall, it runs between Encina Gym and the football stadium.

The SAM McDONALD STORY

He was certainly the first black man to supervise the athletic plant at a major university, and his devotion to the Stanford Convalescent Home kids was legendary . . .

Sam McDonald, Stanford University's most famous superintendent of athletic buildings and grounds, was a man of parts and contrasts. Certainly he was the first black man to hold such an important position at a university — regional though Stanford may have been in those early days.

Though his name lives on in Santa Clara and San Mateo counties, not many nowadays remember him. But Sam McDonald Mall runs between the stadium and Encina Gym, and is used every day by hundreds of students — which would have pleased him.

And Sam McDonald Park in San Mateo County rambles across some 450 unspoiled acres of towering redwoods, babbling creeks and deep ravines, bordered by Pescadero Road, which also traverses it, Alpine Road and La Honda Road (State Route 84).

Sam willed the land to Stanford "for all to enjoy," but for practical reasons the University turned it over to San Mateo County for a park. Significantly, it permits no auto traffic — only equestrians and hikers.

It was there on April 17, 1982 that the Historical Society celebrated "Sam McDonald Day" with a picnic and a talk by Holly (Mrs. John) Ceideburg, of Aptos, who recalled the days of a man who was everybody's friend, and whose work parties and barbecues made "Con Home Day" a Stanford tradition for more that a quarter of a century.

Park officials were also in attendance, pleased to learn more about their special domain.

Mrs. Ceideburg is the editor of *Sam McDonald's Farm*, a biographical labor of love that kept her busy for many years. Sam loved to talk, and she often had to shush the garrulous oldster so she could get her notes pinned down.

Sam's original manuscript was wonderful, she recalled, but far too rambling and verbose. She had to condense and cut it by half. He loved to use two words where one might do, and he loved archaic expressions. Things didn't "happen," they "came to pass." You never were broke, you just had a "lamentable impecuniosity," and a problem was a "perplexion."

Mrs. Ceideburg, his friend for 20 years, found him to be a complex character who seemed to be perfectly straightforward, but who would go to great lengths in order to make things "come to pass." He could be naive and foxy, subdued and brash, humble and bold, serious and comic, quiet and noisy — every contrast in the book.

"Just think of good adjectives and they are all appropriate for Sam," she said. "Happy, benevolent, generous, confident, kind, optimistic, dependable, loyal, warmhearted, honest — generally 'upbeat', as the kids would say today."

Sam was born Emanuel Bruce McDonald on a plantation near Monroe, Louisiana nearly a century ago, on January 1, 1884. The family's given name came from the Scottish landowners.

His grandfather could read and write and was given his freedom in the 1840's. His grandmother was half Choctaw Indian, and Sam was very proud of his ⅛ Indian heritage. His erect carriage and high cheekbones emphasized his bloodlines, and he always expressed great interest in Indian lore.

His father was Peter Bird McDonald, who was a free and educated man before the Civil War. He was a farmer and a Methodist minister. His mother, Patricia Wheatley,

was born into slavery but was too young to remember much about it.

Sam was never a Southerner, as many believed. He and his family moved to Southern California in 1890 when he was six. His father farmed sugar beets around Tustin, Santa Ana, Chino and Pomona, and preached, occasionally substituting for the Reverend Tully Knoles. At the funeral of Sam's mother, Reverend Knoles officiated. Sam's father and Knoles Senior, an attorney in Ontario, were life-long friends.

The family moves

When Sam was 13, the family moved north to Santa Clara County. It took them three weeks, with horses, cows, wagons, farm equipment, and household goods. They camped in the Pacheco Pass en route to the sugar beet fields, and they became the first black family in Gilroy.

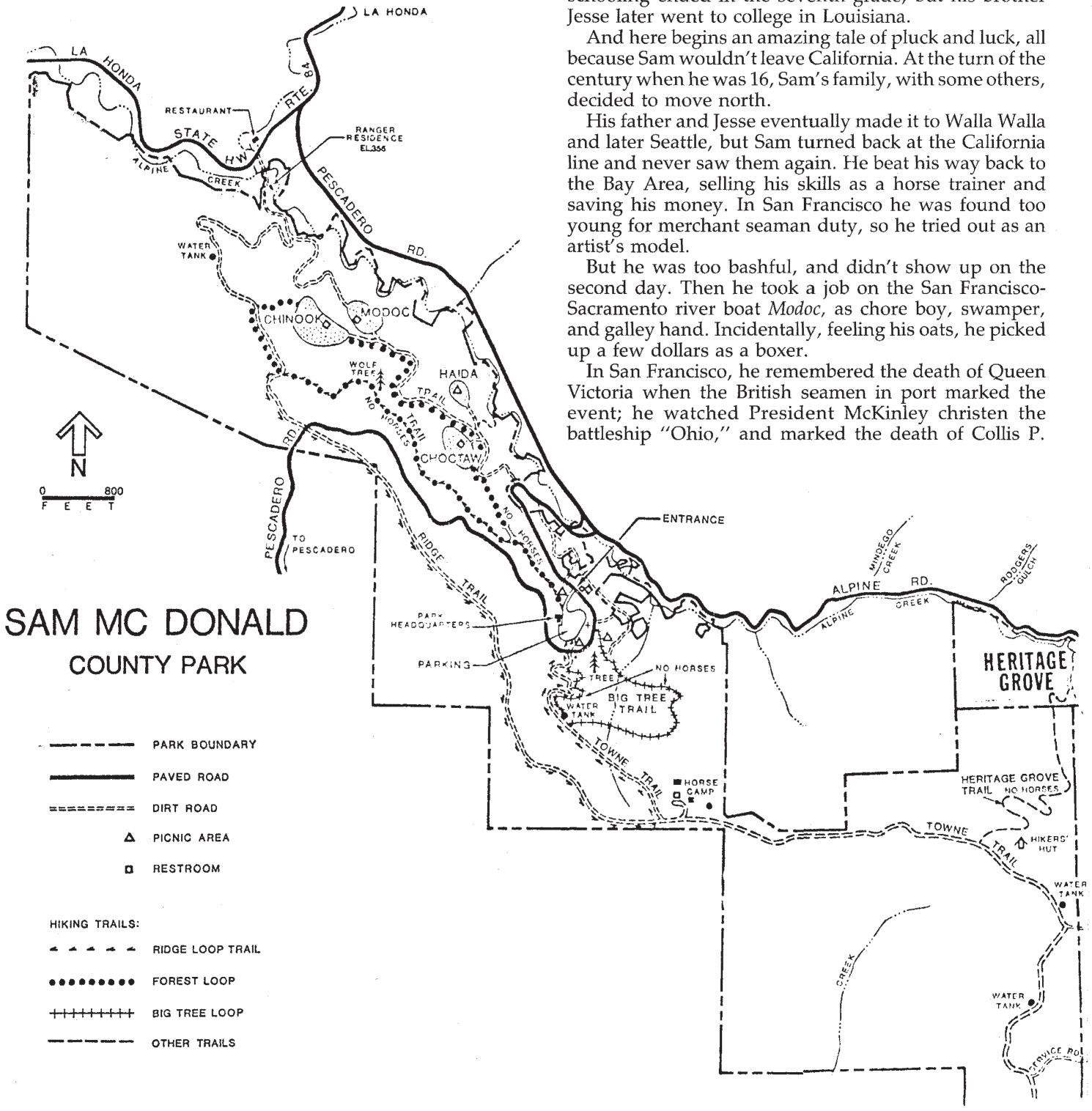
They went to work for the Gubser family, where Sam milked 21 cows a day. His father organized and became superintendent of Gilroy's first Sunday school. Sam's schooling ended in the seventh grade, but his brother Jesse later went to college in Louisiana.

And here begins an amazing tale of pluck and luck, all because Sam wouldn't leave California. At the turn of the century when he was 16, Sam's family, with some others, decided to move north.

His father and Jesse eventually made it to Walla Walla and later Seattle, but Sam turned back at the California line and never saw them again. He beat his way back to the Bay Area, selling his skills as a horse trainer and saving his money. In San Francisco he was found too young for merchant seaman duty, so he tried out as an artist's model.

But he was too bashful, and didn't show up on the second day. Then he took a job on the San Francisco-Sacramento river boat *Modoc*, as chore boy, swamper, and galley hand. Incidentally, feeling his oats, he picked up a few dollars as a boxer.

In San Francisco, he remembered the death of Queen Victoria when the British seamen in port marked the event; he watched President McKinley christen the battleship "Ohio," and marked the death of Collis P.



Huntington, one of the Big Four railroad magnates with Stanford, Hopkins and Crocker.

Tiring of riverboating, he caught a steamer to Alviso in 1901, rode a horse-drawn bus to San Jose, thinking to return to Gilroy. But he fell in with a stranger in St. James Park. The stranger regaled him with tales of Senator Stanford's horse farm. With his skills, Sam knew he could work there.

The next day the two walked 18 miles to Mayfield. Sam arrived with a change of clothes and two blankets. His sister later sent him a Bible.

Sam beame a teamster, driving horses and mules on the Abelee Ranch on Portola Road near Felt Lake, where the old Felt Mansion nearby was thought to be haunted. Later he worked on the Fred Behm place, five miles out on Page Mill Road.

Sam arrives

All this was for $1.25 per 11-hour day. But an expert teamster could become a prominent local figure in those horse-drawn days, and Sam soon knew everybody in Mayfield, Menlo and what later was to become Palo Alto.

Sam officially arrived at Stanford in 1903 as a teamster, but he still resided in Mayfield so he could vote. He had an office there, and in 1904 was appointed a deputy marshal. He held that position for many years while he was at Stanford. He bought property at California Avenue and El Camino Real and became a politician, advising candidates and campaigning.

Old timers recall that Sam could be counted on to "deliver the Mayfield vote" on important issues. At Stanford, his first job was with a mule and a fresno plough, excavating for the Museum. Then he hauled gravel for the campus roads under a foreman named Sonnichsen, one of his many Scandinavian friends. In late 1904 he became night watchman at the Senator's stock farm, living in Cedro Cottage.

Sam's book, Mrs. Ceideburg conceded, is admittedly heavy going, but his graphic description of the great 1906 earthquake is especially worth reading. With a trip to San Jose in the offing, Sam had planned to be at the power house the morning of the quake. He got off work at 4:30 a.m. but he changed his plans and went home to bed. At 5:13 a.m. the quake hit. The earth shook, the bricks fell, much of the University was laid flat, and the power plant smokestack fell, killing the heroic young night foreman, Otto Gerdes, who had dashed back inside to cut off the power.

Sam, a true Christian believer, always felt he was spared for a reason, and the catastrophe influenced his faith even more strongly.

Sam was put in charge of the student crews who cleaned bricks after the earthquake, many of which were later used as foundations for campus roads and to underlay the track after the stadium was built.

He helped build Palm Drive, which was constructed for Mrs. Stanford's homecoming in 1904, and he knew Charlie Wooster, her coachman, and her secretary, Bertha Berner. One of his assignments was to repair the driveways to the Stanford's home near San Francisquito Creek, which later became the Convalescent Home (and later the Children's Hospital At Stanford.)

He knew the Lathrop brothers — Charles, the University's first business manager, and Ariel, who was in charge of the stock farm and lived in Cedro Cottage before Sam moved in.

He well remembered Mrs. Stanford's funeral in February, 1905, with the casket pulled by her two favorite black horses.

His official status began in 1907 as caretaker of athletic property at $60 a month. This was a pretty demanding job, as it included keeping order at Encina Hall and at the athletic events, sometimes assisted by a couple of San Francisco police officers, oldtime friends.

Named superintendent

Shortly, he was elevated to the job most oldtimers remember — superintendent of athletic buildings and grounds.

That marked the beginning of his long-lived association with students, which was highlighted each year with "Con Home Day" from 1922 to Sam's retirement in 1954.

He lived for a time in the training house under the old 12,000-seat stadium, (which later became the Band Shack) and maintained an office in the Athletic Department's corporation yard. By the 50's he was overseeing a crew of 17.

He joined the students in intramural track and boxing, even surviving a bout with one of James J. Corbett's

sparring partners, into which he was inveigled by a student practical joker.

He participated in all the campus shows and carnivals, gave flowers to young couples although he was a life long bachelor, and was always full of advice to the lovelorn, playing a not-to-suble Cupid. When spooners strolled that bucolic campus late at night, Sam would bang a few pots and pans together to warn them they were near his house.

It is ironic that a man famous for his barbecues started as an amateur cook who had to teach himself "Southern-style." He tried cooking 'possom and raccoons, but couldn't stand the result and fed them to his dog.

Sam's sheep used to keep the campus well-mowed, including the front of the Outer Quad, documented in a famous picture to be found in the Stanford University Archives. They were a cash crop as well, since he used to sell them.

A good many of them probably wound up in the first barbecue he ever staged in 1914 for a group of 200 track

athletes. His prowess at mass feeding led directly to his appointment seven years later as head of the clean-up crew and barbecue party at the annual "Con Home Day."

Stanford's Convalescent Home for Children — "the only campus with its own charity" — was established in 1919 in the old Stanford mansion by the University chaplain, the Reverend Charles Gardner, and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins.

Con Home Day

"Con Home Day" itself was the brainchild of Comptroller Almon E. Roth and Student Body President F. L. King. The students planned fundraising events all week, and on Friday went over to the Home to cut weeds, wash windows, paint screens and toys, and anything else that needed doing. The late afternoon reward was barbecued lamb, beans, salad, rolls and ice cream, washed down with lemonade or if you were lucky, with some of Sam's homemade root beer.

It was a fair exchange — the University saved hundreds on maintenance, and the students had a wonderful time away from studies, making friends with the youngsters.

As for Sam, he took the convalescing kids under his wing as well, marking the start of a loving relationship that lasted until his death in 1957.

Mrs. Ruth Spande Atwood, who came to take charge the year after the Con Home was founded, used to take the "runabouts" — children who could walk — to watch Sam light the barbecue fire. Sam at first was too bashful to go inside, but she was able to persuade him to come in, play his concertina, sing, and tell stories.

Later he became a real fixture — he would visit the wards and was guest of honor at all the holiday celebrations — Christmas, Thanksgiving, his birthday on New Year's Day, and the Easter egg hunt. He became a sort of godfather to all the children and a good friend of Mrs. Atwood, whom he called "angel mother," to her great embarassment.

In 1909, Sam dipped $25 from his funds to fix up the attic in the Track House, at the corner of Campus Drive and Galvez. He hired a carpenter for four days, bought the material and even had $3 left over. There he made his home for the rest of his life.

It was a mecca for students, who could always get a free meal and a bit of Sam's philosophy. He lived by the Golden Rule, and hoped that through his influence others would too.

His friendship went farther than that. He helped many with small loans to tide them over, and often bought them clothes. He once took care of an 11-year-old boy who was in need of a foster home, and he was remembered and loved by three generations of Stanford students.

World War I hit the University hard financially, since it had to cancel major athletic events, including rugby, which was played instead of American football. One fund-raiser was a concert by Madam Schumann-Heink and a soldier's chorus. Sam, in charge of security, enjoyed meeting her.

Sam's flock had grown from 40 head of sheep to 500 by 1918, in charge of a bona fide Scottish shepherd, one Billy McCullough, the nephew of John McLaren of Golden Gate Park fame. Sam raised hay and sold it, along with young lambs from the flock. He had a 40-cow dairy herd, which provided milk for the campus.

A timely loan

J. Pearce Mitchell, treasurer of the Board of Athletic control and later registrar of the University, was always in close touch with Sam. The latter, who saved his money and invested wisely, once loaned the University funds during the war so it could meet the payroll.

He often advanced money for a truck or other piece of equipment which was needed. After one of his many forays into the back country with his horse and wagon, Sam purchased some of the acreage off Pescadero Road which now bears his name as a San Mateo County park.

After the initial purchase of La Honda land in 1918, Sam build a cabin there and added to his holdings over the years. At Dr. Mitchell's insistence, Sam's salary was raised to $1500 a year in the fall of 1919.

Sam's famous campus garden drew the attention of Mrs. Herbert Hoover, an avid gardner herself, and they had long talks about their hobby. There Sam carved Halloween pumpkins for the Con Home kids, and planted watermelons and peanuts so they could see how things grew in the South.

During World War II, Sam enlarged it to a five-acre

Victory Garden. Every Saturday a volunteer crew of 20 Stanford women students would arrive to help Sam with the chores organized by Miss Imogen Aten, the veteran office manager for the Associated Students.

Mrs. Ceideburg herself came to work at the Convalescent Home as Ruth Atwood's secretary, in 1944, having met in 1937 as a student when both were calling on Mrs. David Starr Jordan. Thus began her longtime association with Sam McDonald. After biking over bumpy campus roads for a couple of years en route from her College Terrace home, she finally acquired a 1929 Model A Ford.

Sam, who by then had garaged his trusty bicycle for a 1931 Model B Ford roadster he had acquired from the Schilling estate, took a fatherly interest in her and her car, often kicking the tires and checking under the hood to see if everything was all right.

Sam, she recalled, would often order parts for their cars from the Montgomery Ward catalog and would put them on after a complicated series of financial arrangements.

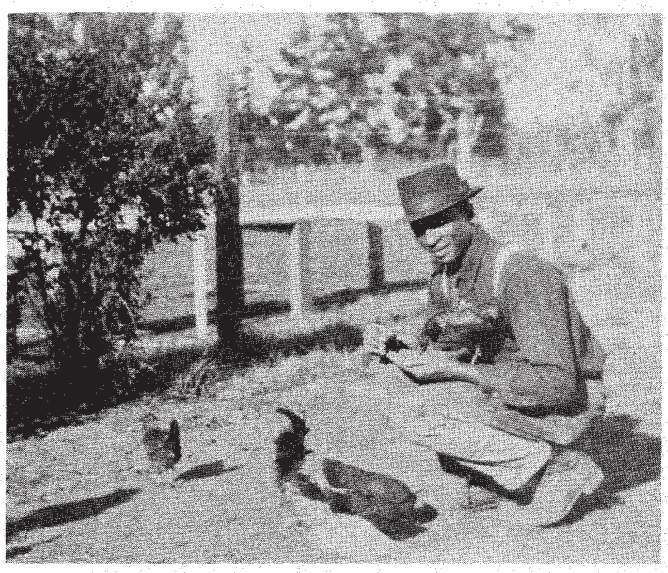
After the Second War was over and returned veterans flooded the campus, Con Home Day was changed to Sam McDonald Day in 1950. At what would be his last hurrah before retirement in 1954, Sam and his crew served 5,000 persons with 2,350 pounds of beef, which had succeeded the lamb of yesteryear.

This 1¼ tons of meat was served with his famous beans and other "fixins." That and other events of Con Home Week raised $7500 for the children's care.

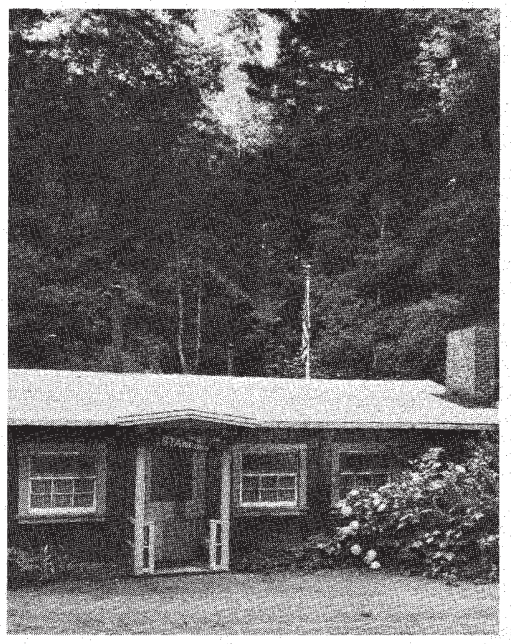
On that first Sam McDonald Day, Sam had to do something he hated — make a speech. He was taken by surprise but pleased. And he had to make another earlier one in 1939 when Sam McDonald Road was dedicated.

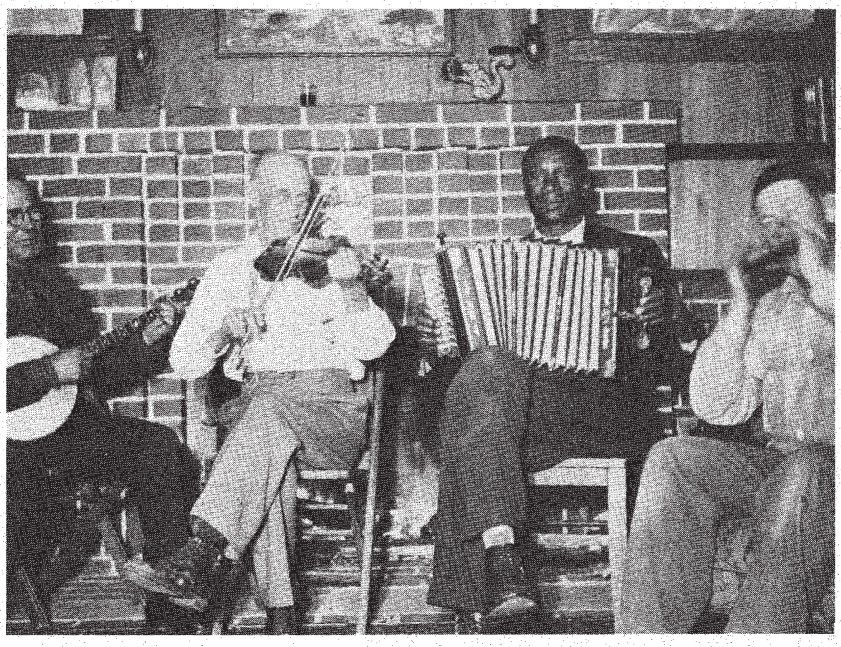
It was at this event that President Ray Lyman Wilbur, a man not given to levity, remarked that "if he had to run against Sam for president of the University, he'd be mighty afraid of the outcome."

(Top) Sam in his garden. (Below) The Con Home cleanup gang takes a break for a picture with Sam at the barbecue pit.



Sam's neat little house in the La Honda woods where he and his friends met for evenings of music.





A national authority

By this time Sam had become a national authority on running tracks. He had been put in charge of rebuilding the Angell Field track in 1935, which originally had been surfaced with the crushed debris from the '06 earthquake, Sam's expertise on proper grading, surfacing and draining, as well as proper sodding for athletic fields, was sought by UC-Berkeley, UC-Davis and the University of Santa Clara, among others.

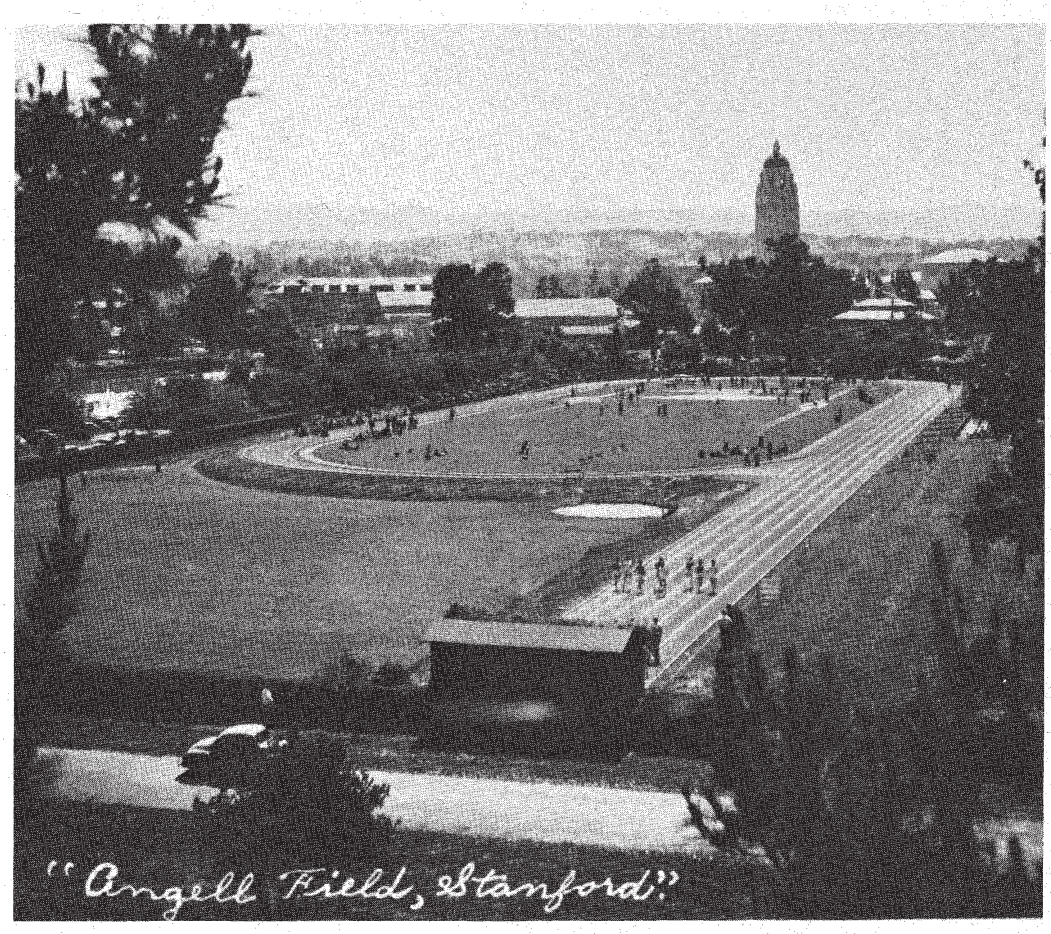
As might be expected, Sam finally fell ill from taking on too much work. What with tending the Con Home garden, serving as an air raid warden, and the general stresses and strains of wartime, he was exhausted.

His blood pressure was high and his heart was weak, and Dr. Fritz Roth, the team physician, put the 58-year-old McDonald to bed for a week. Dr. Roth, after underlining the words "slow down!" on Sam's prescriptions, didn't reckon with Sam himself.

All this time Sam had been writing his "Chronicles" on a yellow pad, which he updated every night and sometimes all night. He kept a card file of all his friends and their letters, and set down in the "Chronicles" all their good deeds so no one would forget them.

In 1952, at age 68, Sam finished his history, and took all 1800 handwritten pages to Director Donald Bean of the Stanford University Press. Bean, tactful, firm but encouraging, told Sam: "It's not quite in shape to set into type. We'll have to pull it together."

Sam's pride and joy was Angell Field. He laid a subbase of crushed earthquake debris and brick, which made it springy and well drained. The Track House, where he fixed up the attic for his own living quarters, lay at the far end of the straightaway at right. There students could always get a free meal and a bit of Sam's philosophy. (Above) Sam consults on a grading problem.



The book takes shape

So Sam trotted his manuscript over to Ruth Atwood at the Con Home office, who suggested that Mrs. Ceideburg, now a writer at *Sunset Magazine*, might be able to help.

"Sam called me about it and I didn't have the heart to turn him down," she recalls. "John and I were just married that year, and John gave me tremendous support."

The manuscript was a "monsterpiece" — unwieldy, tangled, but a heartwarming saga of nearly 70 years; "everything from 'I was born' to 'Amen.'"

"I wasn't a ghost writer, but a ghost eraser," she said. "I had to cut the 1500 typed pages to 800, by eliminating and combining. Sam wrote for many years, and by Year Four had forgotten what he said in Year One. It all ran together, so I divided it and titled the chapters. Then I wrote some paragraphs and connecting passages and the opening formalities.

"*Sam McDonald's Farm* was my idea, but he didn't like it. He said it sounded like "Old McDonald's hee-haw,' and wanted to call it *Sam McDonald's Stanford History*. I told him 'Nonsense — that's too formal. Good titles sell books.' "

The Press liked her title and Donald Bean soon convinced Sam that it was his own idea. "We were in daily contact for almost two years with his manuscript, and we had some priceless conversations. He called me his literary adviser, but he actually was mine."

"I could talk and write like Sam, but I got so I couldn't write my own letters without sounding like an Old Testament prophet," she remembered.

Sam took to coming by the Ceideburg ranch on Page Mill Road every day after work on his way home to La Honda. He would sit on the porch swing, overlooking the valley, and chat with Holly's husband, John, about old Swedish customs (a fascination of Sam's), cooking, and horses.

Sam would look over Holly's day's work, make some suggestions, and she would try to incorporate them. At the same time, Sam would try to sneak in some additional material. He had written to 130 persons, asking for their recollections and philosophies. The responses poured in, including one from Herbert Hoover. Sam had been in charge of security at Mr. Hoover's platform when he accepted the presidential nomination on the campus in 1928. Some of these letters Holly was able to incorporate into the text.

Finally the new material got so cumbersome she had to warn Sam that she was facing a deadline at the Press and there was no more room for letters or anything else. They finally agreed on a postscript section for the letters, and relegated the photo section to the end papers. An index of more than 2,000 names was assembled.

Sam was outsmarted; Holly had conspired with Bean at the Press to have the letters compiled and bound in a book called *Dear Sam:*. This was presented to Sam at the Con Home Christmas Party in 1953.

Sam McDonald's Farm was published in May of 1954 to coincide with his retirement at age 70. All royalties went to the Con Home account.

"The whole thing was a tremendous undertaking, but I have always been grateful I could help Sam achieve this goal," she said.

Sam is honored

Publication of the book was not Sam's final honor after 51 years at Stanford. He was feted at John Rickey's restaurant with his many friends in attendance — President Wallace Sterling, Dean of Students Don Winbigler, Ruth and Pittman Atwood, and the Athletic Department's Don Liebendorfer as master of ceremonies.

Sam was given a new car to replace his beloved roadster; he was elected an honorary life member of the Alumni Association, and under the sponsorship of the *Palo Alto Times*, was ushered into the Stanford Hall of Fame.

All in all, it was a remarkable half-century for a remarkable man. Sam had known everyone from Mrs. Stanford

The fallout from Sam,'s correspondence was so voluminous that Holly Ceideburg sidetracked it, unbeknownst to Sam, who wanted to include all of it into his book. It was made into a separate volume, "Dear Sam," which was presented to him as a surprise at the Con Home Christmas Day party, 1953. At right are Ruth Atwood, Con Home superintendent, and Donald R. Bean, director of the Stanford University Press.

herself, and all five Stanford presidents: Jordan, Branner, Wilbur, Tresidder and Sterling. He had been a tower of strength through an earthquake, two wars and a depression.

He numbered among his friends California Governors Earl Warren and Goodwin J. Knight, and Congressman Charles Gubser, for whose family Sam had worked as a ranch hand before the turn of the century. Gubser personally presented a copy of Sam's book to then President Eisenhower.

There were also Timothy and Mary Kellogg Hopkins; Prof. Charles F. Durand, the aeronautical engineer whose home construction Sam supervised; Geologist Bailey Willis, John McGilvray, who built The Quad; and generations of Stanford students.

By retirement Sam was a man of property. He now owned 450 acres of prime La Honda land along Alpine Creek. Five or six cabins stood upon it, which he rented out. He owned and operated the local water company.

He kept up his apartment at the track house and divided his time between it and his La Honda cabin. He maintained a brisk year of correspondence and visits to friends, and sent 800 Christmas cards that season. But his doctor detected some ominous signs — Sam had developed diabetes.

In August, 1955, Sam went to the hospital because a sore on his ankle wouldn't heal, and Dr. Blake Wilbur, to his great regret, had to amputate Sam's leg. Dr. Wilbur hadn't the heart to tell him the other one would have to go, too, but Sam himself suggested it, calling it "pruning dead wood from a tree" in a matter-of-fact way.

Wheelchair-bound

After five months in the hospital, Sam returned to the track house but found the attic apartment impossible to manage for a man in a wheelchair. So his friends in the Athletic Department converted the lower floor into an apartment, with special ramps and appliances set low. A chair was put in the shower, and a pair of rings was installed so he could exercise by chinning.

(Left) Sam with Track Coach Dink Templeton. (Below) Celebration time at the Ceideburg's ranch home in the foothills off Page Mill Road—a barbecue marking the publication of his book in 1953, with Sam presiding at the barbecue as usual. The guests are University, Con Home and "Sunset" friends.

Occupational Therapist Gwen Wright and Nurses Maureen Maynard and June Bengtson from the Con Home kept an eye on Sam. Sam was delighted to have a football player and his wife and baby upstairs in his old apartment, because he got to play baby sitter.

The Ceideburgs were living in Escondido that year, with a new baby, but they kept in touch with Sam. Mrs. Ceideburg treasures one letter he wrote during that time: "My meager contributions have returned to me a thousand-fold the blessings of friends and the satisfaction of happiness. I have witnessed fulfillment of my dreams, exceeding all expectations."

The Ceideburgs moved to Sacramento in 1957 and paid a visit to Sam during a family graduation in June. Depressed at his condition, their faces showed it, but Sam cheered them up. Asked if he would like to live his life over, Sam replied: "No, I can't see anything I've left out. It's all wrapped up and I'm just waiting on the Lord."

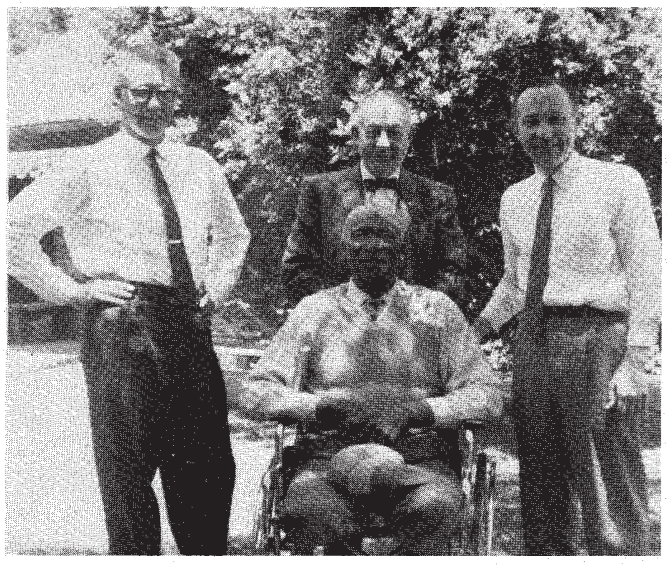
They passed through Palo Alto that fall, but Sam was in the hospital with a "no visitors" sign on the door. A few days later, Ruth Atwood called with the bad news: Sam's great heart had given out on November 4. Holly herself notified Governor Knight's office of Sam's passing. He was 73.

Sam was positive without being pushy. He maintained his simple religious faith, but didn't preach. He lived what he believed, and Mrs Ceideburg noted that even through his last illness, he never lost his faith or his sense of humor.

In the earlier days, there must have been racial slurs, some intended and some insensitive; yet, Mrs. Ceideburg recalls, Sam always handled Negro stories with diplomacy and tact, saved by his good nature and dignity.

Did Sam deny his black heritage? He may well have. He pursued Indian lore in his personal and private life, but not in public. Once, when a carload of blacks dropped by the track house to visit him, he considered them rowdy and sent them packing. His niece was his only black visitor.

Sam in his wheelchair, June 1957, at Holly's brother Hal's graduation. Hal is at left, their father, H.J. Sr. in center, and Art Hansen, '42, right. Sam died the following fall.



"The Negroes can get credit for my success," he once remarked, "and the Indians can take care of themselves."

Sam's schooling had stopped in the seventh grade, but he always meant to go on with his education. He studied at night in the early days and could and did pass many a civil service examination. But he would decline appointments because he didn't want to leave Stanford.

Sam's skill as a barbecue cook put him in great demand after that first 1914 affair for the track team. Dr. Branner soon commandeered his talents for the young Geology Department. And one May in later years, Sam managed 14, including two in one afternoon, running back and forth in his car between them.

He celebrated the completion of his book with a barbecue for 65 in 1953 at the Ceideburg ranch; he put on feasts for the Associated Students, the graduate managers, the Buck Club, the sons and daughters of alumni, the Chamber of Commerce and the Rotary Club, many academic departments, and his friends at La Honda. Some were held at Searsville Lake, others at private homes.

In Sam's La Honda cabin were posted a number of his favorite sayings:

Remember people on your way up, as you will meet the same people on the way down.

May your blessings be as numerous as the sands of the sea.

He that does good for good's sake seeks neither praise nor reward, but he is sure of both in the end. — William Penn.

He who has 1,000 friends has not one to spare.

And Sam, who had a thousand friends, made a cliché into a truism: he indeed was a legend in his own time.

— Jeff Littleboy

Sam marvels at a black lamb with a couple of youngsters.

Two of Sam's Recipes

No one can duplicate Sam's "Feasts", but present-day chefs may wish to heed a few of his secrets that have come to light over the years:

ROAST LEG OF LAMB — Well ahead of time, start a big fire in a deep pit, or within a circle of stones. Make lateral slits in meat under layers of fat, using large skewer. Stuff holes with finely chopped onion. Coat entire surface with mixture of flour, salt, and pepper, to form crust. Place on grill high over hot coals, cover with metal tub large enough to allow air to circulate. Turn meat only once. Time: about 2½ - 3 hours.

BEANS — Use half pinto and half pink beans. Wash, cover with water, and soak overnight. Drain and rinse thoroughly. Cover with V-8 juice, add onion and ham hocks or other meat and bones; season with salt, pepper, and raw sugar. Simmer at least 4 hours, preferably all day. Reheat in slow oven.

Stanford Historical Society Newsletter
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Fred Terman's death marks the passing of an era

Provost Emeritus Frederick Emmons Terman, the man who changed the face of Stanford University and the Santa Clara Valley, died in his sleep December 19 at his campus home. He was 82.

He served as provost from 1955 to 1965, his retirement year, and professor of electrical engineering from 1926. Memorial Church was filled with mourners at his funeral services early in January.

Stanford President Donald Kennedy said "(Terman) had the power to see the qualities of people . . . He built a team which was able to accept his vision of the future."

David Packard, chairman of the board of Hewlett-Packard, observed: "He was responsible more than any other single man for the position of excellence that Stanford now enjoys."

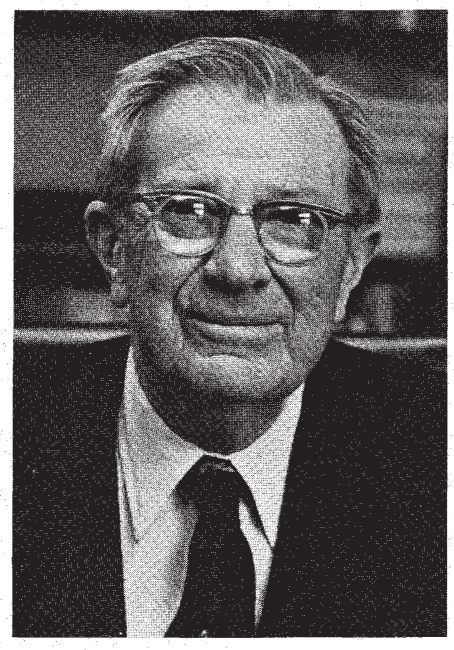
Born June 7, 1900, in English, Indiana, he was taught at home by his father, the famed psychologist Lewis M. Terman. He was sent to school at age 9½ and entered the third grade after having learned to read. But he entered high school at age 13.

Terman earned his B.S. in chemical engineering at Stanford at age 20, and achieved the Engineer's degree in electrical engineering under Prof. Harris J. Ryann, America's first professor of electrical engineering. In 1924 he won his doctorate at MIT under Prof. Vannevar Bush.

After a bout with tuberculosis, he was able to teach at Stanford, and in 1928 married Sybil Walcutt, a graduate student in psychology. Rising through the ranks to full professor, he was named to head the Department of Electrical Engineering in 1937.

Rather than lose his talented students to the East, he encouraged the establishment of local electronic businesses. He suggested to Bill Hewlett a design for an audio oscillator, an instrument that generates signals of varying frequency.

Then they enticed David Packard away from General Electric, and, with $1000 — half for materials, half for Packard's salary — set both up in Packard's garage. That led to what is now a multibillion dollar international organization which manufactures electronic measuring equipment.



Frederick Emmons Terman

Terman played a major role in teaming up Physics Professors Edward Ginzton and William Hansen. Along came Russell Varian, who worked with Hansen to invent the klystron tube — which is the basis of radar, the motive power at the Stanford Linear Accelerator Center, and the heart of the "cancer gun" used in treatment at Stanford Medical Center. Ginzton later became the president of Varian's firm and a University trustee.

During World War II, Terman worked at Harvard with Vannevar Bush on electronic warfare devices and radar jamming, which gave him the germ of an idea — government sponsorship of engineering research.

When he returned to Stanford in 1946, he applied the theory to his own university, and emphasized the hiring of topnotch faculty to conduct the research. He said: "The universities came into the picture only because it has been found that they are the most effective places to carry on fundamental research. Private philanthropy would have been inadequate. Industrial concerns' needs must be profit-oriented.

"A natural result of this situation is that government money tends to flow to universities and to those parts of universities that possess strength. They want first class faculty members to carry on their research."

In his search for "steeples of excellence", as he called them, Terman was instrumental in recruiting more than 800 persons, including 225 with degrees in engineering or science. His staff included 41 faculty or former students.

Equally, if not more important, was Terman's proposal to lease valuable University land for income purposes, which in the early '50's resulted in the creation of the Stanford Shopping

(continued on next page)

Fire marshal's edict delays completion of Bender Room

Formal opening of the Bender Room as the new home of the Stanford University Archives has been delayed again, this time by a ruling from the fire marshal that it requires another fire exit which must include a fire escape.

The ruling came after final plans were approved and dedication was set for May 22 in conjunction with the annual meeting. The meeting will still be held on that date, but in Annenberg Auditorium in the Cummings Art Building.

The delay may take as long as a year, and the cost is estimated at $50,000. Funding for this project has been given a high priority by the University, according to a letter from Stanford President Donald Kennedy to Society president Ray Lyman Wilbur Jr.

Center, the Industrial Park, and campus housing — the last as a partial lure for talented faculty.

He was responsible for the honors cooperative program in the middle 1950's, which culminated in a closed circuit television system in which engineers could sit in class at Stanford or in their workplaces and study the latest in electronic research, taught by Stanford faculty.

He and his father formed one of the few combinations in the National Academy of Science, and Terman himself was a founding member of the National Academy of Engineering. He was awarded the National Medal of Science by President Ford in 1976.

The $9.3 million Terman Engineering Center, dedicated in 1977, stands as a campus monument to his achievements.

Mrs. Terman died in 1975. They are survived by three sons and five grandchildren.

Prof. Harry Williams dies at campus home

Harry A. Williams, emeritus professor of civil engineering, died Christmas Night at his campus home at the age of 80.

He was a pioneer in the studies of earthquake effects on structures. His early research was in soil mechanics and vibration effects, and later his interests centered on stress analysis and in port and coastal engineering.

A native of Nevada, he came to the Santa Clara Valley in 1916 with his family, and spent most of his adult life at Stanford. He received a B.S. degree in engineering in 1925, and after five years with Standard Oil of California he returned to Stanford as a graduate student and part-time instructor.

Harry A. Williams

He received the degree of engineer in 1933 and remained a faculty member until retirement in 1966. Williams was a consultant to many major firms and government agencies, and contributed a host of articles on building material fatigue and other fields of interest to technical and professional journals.

He taught at MIT and at the University of Hawaii, where he helped organize their Department of Ocean Engineering. He was a member of Tau Beta Pi and Sigma Xi, the American Society of Civil Engineers, the Faculty Club, and several social and cultural organizations.

He is survived by his wife, Gertrude; a son, a daughter, two sisters and five grandchildren. Services were held in Memorial Church January 6, with Chaplain Emeritus Robert M. Minto officiating.

Society's funds pay for installation of Muybridge plaque

A plaque mounted in the familiar Almaden sandstone from which the University was constructed, marking the famous Eadweard Muybridge early-day photographic experiments, wil be installed on Campus Drive West near the new University student housing.

The plaque is a gift of the E Clampus Vitus "Mountain Charley" chapter, an association of descendants of California pioneers.

Muybridge set up 24 cameras around Senator Stanford's trotting track, triggered by a like number of threads stretched across the track. When a trotting horse was ridden through the traps, the resulting photos showed that the horse had all four feet off the ground at one time, proving a theory that the Senator had espoused.

The Society has contributed $2500 for a gravel turnout at the plaque site, west of which the Red Barn looms in the distance, and another $1500 for the University's management costs in connection with the installation of the plaque.

Margery Bailey's letters may be the next copublishing project

Letters from Professor Margery Bailey, noted Stanford English teacher and cofounder of the Ashland Shakespeare Festival, may see publication during the course of 1983.

Correspondence between Miss Bailey and her friends and favorite students has been compiled by Philip Persky, professor of English at San Jose State University, himself one of her former students.

At the request of the Alumni Association, Peter C. Allen, author of the resoundingly successful *Stanford; From the Foothills to the Bay*, will work with Prof. Persky on editing and connecting passages.

In addition to displaying Miss Bailey's many-faceted talents as a writer and raconteur, the book will have a separate section dealing with her relationship with the Ashland Festival. The letters cover the period from 1930 to 1963, just before her death, and are expected to be of interest to the many alumni who were students of hers during that period.

If published, the book is expected to be a joint publication of the Historical Society and the Alumni Association.

Retired Corp Yarders are being tapped for membership

More than 50 Stanford oldtimers gathered at the Palo Alto Elks Club November 17 for the second annual reunion of Stanford faculty and staff — "anybody whoever worked at Stanford," as Chairman Matt Popovich of Mountain View put it.

Popovich, an electrician at Stanford for 45 years, cohosted the event with Mel Nelson, former director of the Athletic Department's buildings and grounds division.

Most of the guests signed a memory book and voted to keep the event going, with a round of applause for the hosts.

Harry Sanders, former director of planning, issued an appeal for membership in the Historical Society and enlisted a number of new members.

Chancellor J. E. Wallace Sterling and former Business Manager Alf Brandin were unable to attend.

Among the guests were Emeritus

Prof. Harold Bacon, former Corporation Yard officials Elbridge Bacon, and Perry Hackett and Oley Killingsworth, former telephone coordinator; Sgt. Carl Gielitz and Detective Don Lillie of the Police Department; former Fire Captains Harry Lund and Fritz Stolarik, and former Fire Chief John Marston; Jeff Littleboy, former associate editor of the News Service, and many technicians from Hansen Laboratories, the Microwave Laboratory (now Houston Laboratory) and SLAC.

Sculptor restores thumb on Stanford family bronze

The famed Larkin Mead bronze statue of the Stanford family, vandalized some years ago when someone cut off Leland Jr.'s thumb, has been restored.

Mountain View sculptor Mircea Paul Gorentuc restored the thumb to its original position and successfully matched the ancient patina of the statue at a cost of $700.

The statue now reposes in the Ryan Laboratory, pending a decision on where to return it to the University campus. The Society's board is not unanimously agreed on its relocation. Some want it in the center of Memorial Court, others would prefer it with its back against the west wall of the court, facing east.

Other suggestions have included relocating it somewhere in Inner Quad or in the center of the Oval in front of the Outer Quad.

This is the last of our Wawona Trees saga. It shows the late founding president of the Society, Professor James T. Watkins IV, age 14, and his mother, seated left to right in the front row of the Yosemite Park tour bus in July, 1922.

Lillian Ledoyen recalls her girlhood days in old Mayfield

The town of Mayfield has dropped of the map, having been merged into Palo Alto in 1925. But it's lovingly remembered by someone like Lillian Ledoyen Kirkbride. She is a native Californian who grew up in Mayfield and never moved away.

She remembers the day the Ledoyen famiy moved from San Francisco to Mayfield, riding down two-lane, potholed, El Camino Real in a borrowed truck driven by her father, Maurice.

Mayfield centered at California Avenue and El Camino Real, Mayfield's main street.

A carpenter, Mr. Ledoyen had found construction work at Stanford, and it should be recorded that he framed all the windows in Encina Hall.

He leased a house at $30 a month, with option to buy for $4,500. It was the only house on the block, with a barn, a cow and a hundred chickens. Streets were unpaved, and a horse-drawn water wagon was used to tame the dust in summer.

The house, built shortly after the turn of the century, was typical for its time, with high ceilings and gaslights converted to electricity. Modern hot water heaters were not yet widespread, so on weekly bath day, water had to be heated by means of pipes that ran through the cast iron cookstove.

The bathroom had a tub with claw feet, a basin and a toilet with overhead wooden tank that had a pull-chain. "I had never seen one," she recalled. " Because of the noise it made, I was afraid that if I pulled the chain, the water would come cascading down on me."

The family had lived in flats in San Francisco, and the children — Lillian and her younger brother, Maurice — had been taken to Lafayette Park for play almost daily.

In Mayfield, "we could go out by ourselves, climb trees, chase the chickens and get into mischief." Part of the mischief was throwing chickens from the barn loft to watch them fly. "Mom gave us a sound spanking and told us that chickens weren't intended to fly like birds."

Palmyre Ledoyen, her mother, milked the cow, churned butter, gathered eggs. She planted a vegetable garden. And no doubt she cooked, cleaned, laundered, ironed, knitted, crocheted, embroidered and darned. Women's work was never done.

There were apricot, cherry and almond trees on the property.

"After the first rains, we would all walk over to Stanford to hunt mushrooms in the polo field and near the stadium. There was a flock of sheep at Stanford, and we soon became acquainted with the man in charge. He had some dogs to keep the sheep from straying, and a few goats for milk.

"We had a pet goat, and our parents decided we should take him to Stanford to join the others. He followed us there and didn't notice that we left."

"Imagine our surprise hours later to hear a familiar 'baa-a-a' and see him crossing El Camino Real and racing across the field.

"He disappeared not long after that, and when we learned that Billy was on the menu for Sunday dinner, we lost our appetites."

The streetcar from Palo Alto ran along the edge of the Stanford campus to Stanford Avenue, where the tracks curved to the center of the street to continue south to San Jose.

Lacking television, children found simpler entertainments. "We had an unobstructed view from our house," she remembers, "and we witnessed an occasional wreck when an unwary driver failed to realize the streetcar was making that curve."

The streetcar was also a practical means of transportation. For youngsters in Mayfield, it was a treat just to ride the trolley into Palo Alto on a shopping trip.

—from Bob Lyhne's "Innocent Bystander," *Palo Alto Times-Tribune*

Gleanings From David Starr Jordan's Pocket Journals*

(This is the first of a series of four vignettes by Professor Georg H. Knoles, professor of history emeritus, a member of the Society's board of directors).

I — Advice for University presidents

President Jordan carried a pocket journal or diary in which he penciled notes, quotations, ideas, names of faculty and others, titles of books, lists of fishes, etc. — a kind of vest-pocket commonplace book.

He ignored the printed dates and entered items in a seemingly random fashion. In the few instances in which he included itineraries, each would be crowded onto one or, at most, two pages usually toward the back of the "non-journal."

During some years he used more than one booklet although in many instances he did not fill all the pages. There are pages missing from some of the diaries — either torn or cut out; I have no clue as to who removed them. There is no pagination in the journals and Jordan did not date his entries.

I found one item in his 1891 pocket journal headed "Rules." I imagine he wanted indelibly to impress upon his memory some guidelines to follow as he entered upon the exciting task of inaugurating a new university away out west on the Pacific Coast.

"Do not discuss with one professor the character of any other. Do not use any superlative or overpraise any one. Do not explain or justify any appointment, (especially) those which are likely to need it. Do not make any promise of future promotion or special advantages, never be betrayed into disparaging California. Be very careful of public utterances or of any (utterance) before reporters. Do not ask opinion of any professor on any plan nor encourage him to offer one unasked. Have no Kitchen Cabinet."

*David Starr Jordan Papers, SC 58, Box 2, Stanford University Archives. Cf. Edith R. Mirrielees, *Stanford: The Story of a University* (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1959), 38.

Stanford Historical Society — Fiscal 1981 - 82 Report

Item	Society General	Postcard Sales	Book Fund	Oral History	TOTAL
Beginning Balance 9-1-81	$ 8,241.80	—	$ 50,000.	$ 2,170.	$ 60,411.80
1981-82 Income Memberships/ Gifts/Sales	6,812.	570.	25,000.	20,000.	51,812.
1981-82 Expense	6,743.77	409.50	—	4,590.25	11,173.52
Interest Income	873.78	—	6,848.62	1,284.60	9,007.
Year End Balances 8-31-82	$ 9,183.81	$ 160.50	$ 81,848.62	$ 18,864.35	$110,057.28

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